

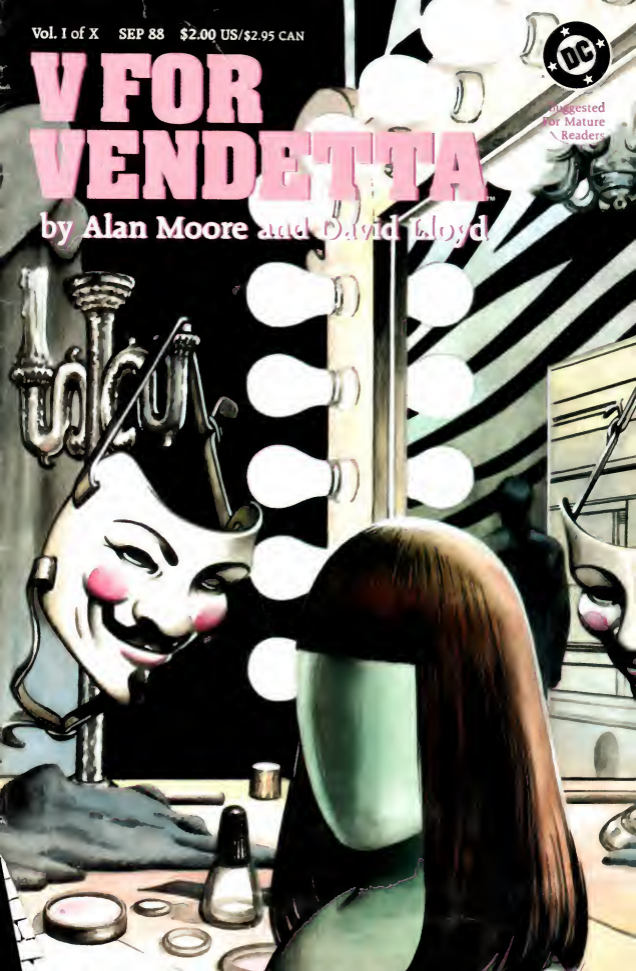
Vol. I of X SEP 88 \$2.00 US/\$2.95 CAN



Suggested
For Mature
Readers

V FOR VENDETTA

by Alan Moore and David Lloyd



I began *V for Vendetta*

in the summer of 1981, during a working holiday upon the Isle of Wight. My youngest daughter, Amber, was a few months old. I finished it in the late winter of 1988, after a gap in publishing of nearly five years from the discontinuation of England's *Warrior Magazine*, its initial home. Amber is now seven. I don't know why I mentioned that. It's just one of those unremarkable facts that strike you suddenly, with unexpected force, so that you have to go and sit down.

Along with Marvelman (now Miracleman), *V for Vendetta* represents my first attempt at a continuing series, begun at the outset of my career. For this reason, amongst others, there are things that ring oddly in earlier episodes when judged in the light of the strip's later development. I trust you'll bear with us during any initial clumsiness, and share our opinion that it was for the best to show the early episodes unrevised, warts and all, rather than go back and eradicate all trace of youthful creative inexperience.

There is also a certain amount of political inexperience upon my part evident in these early episodes. Back in 1981 the term "nuclear winter" had not passed into common currency, and although my guess about climatic upheaval came pretty close to the eventual truth of the situation, the fact remains that the story to hand suggests that a nuclear war, even a limited one, might be survivable. To the best of my current knowledge, this is not the case.

Naiveté can also be detected in my supposition that it would take something as melodramatic as a near-miss nuclear conflict to nudge England towards fascism. Although in fairness to myself and David, there were no better or more accurate predictions of our country's future available in comic form at that time. The simple fact that much of the historical background of the story precedes from a predicted Conservative defeat in the 1982 General Election should tell you how reliable we were in our role as Cassandra's.

It's 1988 now. Margaret Thatcher is entering her third term of office and talking confidently of an unbroken Conservative leadership well into the next century. My youngest daughter is seven and the tabloid press are circulating the idea of concentration camps for persons with AIDS. The new riot police wear black visors, as do their horses, and their vans have rotating video cameras mounted on top. The government has expressed a desire to eradicate homosexuality, even as an abstract concept, and one can only speculate as to which minority will be the next legislated against. I'm thinking of taking my family and getting out of this country soon, sometime over the next couple of years. It's cold and it's mean-spirited and I don't like it here anymore.

Goodnight England. Goodnight Home Service and *V for Victory*.

Hello the Voice of Fate and *V for Vendetta*.

Alan Moore
Northampton, March 1988

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V FOR VENDETTA



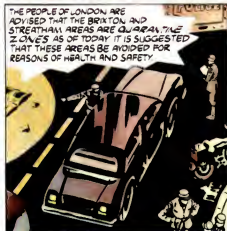
GOOD EVENING, LONDON. IT'S NINE O'CLOCK AND THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE BROADCASTING ON 275 AND 285 IN THE MEDIUM WAVE. IT IS THE FIFTH OF THE ELEVENTH NINETEEN-NINETY-SEVEN.



THE WEATHER WILL BE FINE UNTIL 2:07 AM WHEN A STORMER WILL COMMENCE, LASTING UNTIL 1:30 AM.



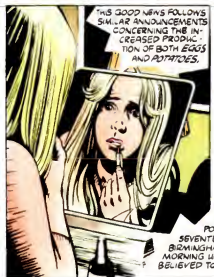
THE TEMPERATURE WILL VARY BETWEEN 3 AND 4 DEGREES CENTIGRADE THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT.



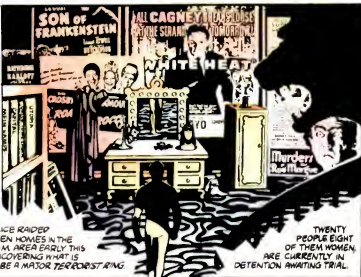
THE PEOPLE OF LONDON ARE ADVISED THAT THE BRIXTON AND STREATHAM AREAS ARE QUARANTINE ZONES AS OF TODAY. IT IS SUGGESTED THAT THESE AREAS BE AVOIDED FOR REASONS OF HEALTH AND SAFETY.



PRODUCTIVITY REPORTS FROM HEREFORDSHIRE INDICATE A POSSIBLE END TO MEAT RATIONING STARTING FROM MID-FEBRUARY 1948.

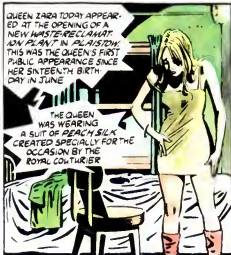


THIS GOOD NEWS FOLLOWS SIMILAR ANNOUNCEMENTS CONCERNING THE INCREASED PRODUCTION OF BOTH EGGS AND POTATOES.



POLICE RAIDED SEVENTEEN HOMES IN THE BIRMINGHAM AREA EARLY THIS MORNING UNCOVERING WHAT IS BELIEVED TO BE A MAJOR TERRORIST RING.

TWENTY PEOPLE EIGHT OF THEM WOMEN, ARE CURRENTLY IN DETENTION AWAITING TRIAL.





THAT'S THE CLAMSIEST
PIECE OF PROPOSITION I
VE EVER HEARD YOU'VE
NOT BEEN DOING THIS
VERY LONG, HAVE
YOU?



OH GOD I MUST
BE REALLY
TERRIBLE

YEAH YOU'RE RIGHT
IT'S MY FIRST
NIGHT YOU'RE
MY FIRST...

CUSTOMER?

YEAH



I. I'VE GOT A JOB
IN MUNITIONS, BUT THE
MONEY IS YOU KNOW IT ISN'T
ENOUGH... LOOK MISTER I REALLY
NEED THAT MONEY I'D BE OK
I MEAN, I'M SIXTEEN I KNOW
WHAT I'M DOING



NO YOU
DON'T
KNOW WHAT
YOU'RE DOING



...BECAUSE IF YOU DID YOU
WOULDN'T HAVE PICKED
A VICE DETAIL ON
STAKE-OUT.



OH
CHRIST YOU BE
A RINGBOMAN

THAT'S
RIGHT, AND THESE
ARE MY COLLEAGUES



YOU KNOW THE
LAWS ON PROSTITUTION
THAT'S A CLASS-OFFENCE
THAT MEANS WE GET TO
DECIDE WHAT HAPPENS
TO YOU, THAT'S OUR
PREROGATIVE.

OH NO LOOK PLEASE,
MISTER, IT WAS MY
FIRST TIME, I'LL DO ANY
THING YOU WANT.

PLEASE DON'T
KILL ME

STRENGTH
THROUGH
PURITY
THROUGH
FAITH



YOU'VE GOT IT
HARD, MISS YOU'LL DO
ANYTHING WE WANT AND
THEY WILL KILL YOU

THAT'S OUR
PREROGATIVE.

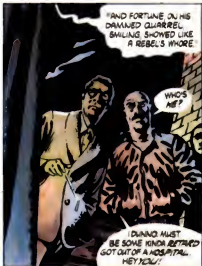


OH PLEASE
DONT ON JESUS
NO PLEASE



"THE MULTIPLYING
VILLAINIES OF NATURE
DO SWARM UPON
HIM."

WHO
THE HELL...



I GOT HIS ANGEL. WHAT SHALL I DO WITH HIS



ON JESUS



WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED?? HE JUST CAME OUT OF NOWHERE AND JUST WHAT THE HELL HAPPENED??

FRANK'S DEAD THEY'RE ALL DEAD ON CHRIST WHAT ARE WE GOING TO DO??



AND NOW WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM OR THE HEAD WILL HAVE OUR GUTS.

HOW DID HE DO IT? I NEVER SEEN ANYBODY MOVE SO FAST HE KILLED FRANK

THAT BASTARD WE'VE GOT TO FIND HIM.



YOU... YOU RESCUED ME LIKE IN A BODY I DON'T BELIEVE IT

WHY WHO ARE YOU?



ME? I'M THE KING OF THE TWENTIETH CENTURY. I'M THE BOGGMAN. I'M THE FILLAIN.

THE BLACK SHEEP OF THE FAMILY.



WH, YEAH BUT WHAT WERE YOU DOING AROUND HERE? I DIDN'T THINK ANYBODY CAME TO MISTY AFTER AT NIGHT EXCEPT YOU KNOW...

WOMEN

AHH BUT TONIGHT IS SPECIAL TONIGHT IS A CELEBRATION A GRAND OPENING WERE YOU NEVER TAUGHT THE RHYME?





"REMEMBER THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER, THE GUN-POWDER TREASON AND PLOT I KNOW OF NO REASON WHY THE GUN-POWDER TREASON."



"...SHOULD EVER BE FORGOTT"



I DID THAT

OH OH THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT! THEY'VE BEEN. DID YOU DO THAT?



BUT THAT THAT'S AGAINST THE LAW! THEY'LL KILL YOU! THEY'LL...

DID YOU REALLY DO THAT?

I REALLY DID THAT NOW HUSH THERE'S A LOOSE...



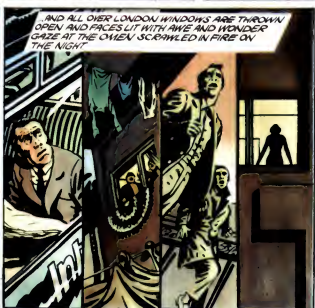
THE RUMBLE OF THE EXPLOSION HAS NOT YET DIED AWAY AS FROM FAR BELOW COMES THE RATTLE OF SMALLER REPORTS...

AND SUDDENLY THE SKY IS ALIGHT WITH...



FIREWORKS / REAL FIREWORKS

OH GOD, THEY'RE SO BEAUTIFULL!



...AND ALL OVER LONDON WINDOWS ARE THROWN OPEN AND FACES LIT WITH AWE AND WONDER GAZE AT THE OMEN SCRAWLED IN FIRE ON THE NIGHT



THERE THE OVERTURE IS FINISHED.

COME WE MUST PREPARE FOR THE FIRST ACT.

AHE? B-BUT...

...ON OKAY.

IT IS PRECISELY 2.07 AM IF BEGINS TO RAIN.



THE MORNING THE SIXTH, 1997 IT IS SIX THIRTY IN THE MORNING

I WILL HEAR YOUR REPORTS NOW, GENTLEMEN

MR HEYER WILL SPEAK FOR THE EYE

WE HAVE JUST UNDER THREE MINUTES OF USEABLE FOOTAGE, LEADER. THE LARGE MAJORITY OF OUR WITNESSES WERE DAMAGED IN THE EXPLOSION

TO MY LEFT IS AN ENLARGEMENT OF THE SUSPECT'S TRACE. I'M AFRAID THE MESH MAKES IDENTIFICATION IMPOSSIBLE

CLOSE-UP IF YOU PLEASE, MR HEYER

AH, THANK YOU, MR HEYER. MR. BETHURIDGE WILL NOW SPEAK FOR THE EARS

UH, PHONE SURVEILLANCE INDICATES THAT A LARGE PROPORTION OF THE UH, PEOPLE ARE TALKING ABOUT THE UH EXPLOSION, THAT'S INSIDE LONDON.

ALL SUSPECT OR SIGNIFICANT TRANSCRIPTS ARE BEING FORWARDED TO MR. UH, ALMOND AT THE FINGER

MR ALMOND IS WITH ME AT PRESENT. I SHALL INFORM HIM. MR FINCH WILL SPEAK FOR THE NOSE.

WE'VE FOUND THE DEVICE PROBABLY USED TO LAUNCH THE FIREWORKS AND SOME SPENT CASINGS INDIVIDUALLY WEIGHTED FLARES AT A GUESS

DESPITE ITS SCIENTIFIC-NATION I SHOULD SAY THAT THE DEVICE WAS ALMOST CERTAINLY HOME-MADE, AND THUS UNTRACEABLE, SOBBY. LEADER, NOTHING ELSE YET.

THANK YOU, MR. FINCH. THE THREE OF YOU WILL INFORM ME OF ANY FURTHER DEVELOPMENTS AND AWAIT MY DIRECTIVE, ENGLAND PREVAILS, GENTLEMEN

LEADER, I

WELL, WE HAVE HEARD FROM THE REST OF THE HEAD THAT LEAVES YOU, MR ALMOND. THREE FINGERMEN WERE KILLED LAST NIGHT BY ONE SOLITARY LUNATIC.

IT IS ALSO HIGHLY PROBABLE THAT THIS SAME PERSON HAD EARLIER PLANTED AN EXPLOSIVE DEVICE OF STARTLING CAPABILITY WITHIN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT

YOU WILL BE SILENT, MR. ALMOND!

YOUR INCOMPETENCE HAS COST US OUR OLDEST SYMBOL OF AUTHORITY AND A JARRING PROPAGANDA DEFEAT. DO YOU UNDERSTAND WHAT HAPPENED LAST NIGHT?

SOME-ONE DID THE UN-THINKABLE. SOME-ONE HURT US



...AND YOU ALLOWED THEM TO DO IT. I WANT THIS CREATURE AND HIS ASSOCIATES FOLLOU. MR. ALMOND. I WANT HIS HEAD



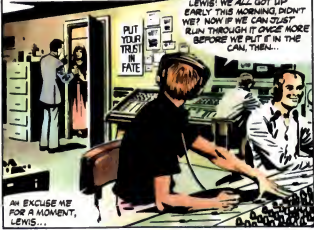
OR BY GOD I'LL HAVE YOURS INSTEAD

YOU WILL CONSULT MR. DASCOMBE AT JORDAN TOWER BEFORE MAKING ANY OFFICIAL PRO-NOUNCEMENTS

THAT WILL BE ALL, MR. ALMOND ENGLAND PREVAILS

ENGLAND PREVAILS. LEADER

JORDAN TOWER SEVEN O'CLOCK



OF COURSE YOU DID, LEWIS! WE ALL GOT UP EARLY THIS MORNING DIDN'T WE? NOW IF WE CAN JUST RUN THROUGH IT ONCE MORE BEFORE WE PUT IT IN THE CAN, THEN...

PUT YOUR TRUST IN FATE

AN EXCUSE ME FOR A MOMENT, LEWIS...

DEREK!! WE DON'T SEE YOU DOWN HERE IN THE MOUTH VERY OFTEN.

DOWN IN THE MOUTH? I COULD HAVE MADE A JOKE OUT OF THAT, COULDN'T I?

YOU HAVE DONE DASCOMBE SEVERAL TIMES WHAT'S FATE PUTTING OUT ON THE PARLIAMENT BOMBING?

WE'LL, DEREK WANTS US TO SAY IT WAS A SCHEDULED DEMOLITION UNDERTAKEN AT NIGHT TO AVOID TRAFFIC CONGESTION.

IT'S GOING OUT ON THE EIGHT O'CLOCK BROADCAST.. I WAS JUST RUNNING THROUGH IT WITH LEWIS WHEN YOU CAME IN.

LEWIS?



LEWIS BROTHERO HE DOES THE VOICE OF FATE



GOOD MORNING LONDON
THIS IS THE VOICE OF FATE
BROADCASTING ON 275 AND
285 METRES IN THE
MEDIUM WAVE.

WHY ARE
YOU SAYING ABOUT
THE FIREWORKS?

FATE DOESN'T THINK
WE SHOULD MENTION
THE FIREWORKS IF ANY-
ONE ASKS LATER WE'LL
SAY IT WAS A FREAK
EFFECT OF THE
BLAST.

Chapter Two
THE VOICE

LISTEN TO LEWIS. ISN'T
HE A MARY ELLEN? IF FATE
REALLY HAD A VOICE IT WOULD
SOUND JUST LIKE THAT IF ONLY
PEOPLE KNEW WHAT A
GOOD JOB HE'S DOING.

DON'T BE STUPID DASCOMBE
THE WHOLE IDEA IS THAT PEOPLE
THINK IT'S FATE TALKING IT MAKES
FATE APPEAR MORE HUMAN
GIVES PEOPLE CONFIDENCE.



HE
COLLECTS DOLLS, YOU
KNOW WOULDN'T THINK IT
WOULD YOU? BIG MAN LIKE
THAT, COLLECTING DOLLS HE'S
SENSITIVE? YOU SEE YOU
CAN TELL BY HIS VOICE.

YES, A LOT OF YOU MEDIA
PEOPLE ARE 'SENSITIVE'
AREN'T YOU? I DON'T
KNOW WHY THE LEADER
TOLERATES YOU

MY
DEAR DEREK
THE LEADER IS THE
MOST SENSITIVE
OF US ALL

IN FACT WHEN
YOU'D FINISHED EX-
PLAINING HOW A LONE
LUNATIC COULD KILL THREE
FINGERMEN AND BLOW
UP PARLIAMENT I SHOULD
IMAGINE HE WAS VERY
SENSITIVE



YOU'RE
A DEGENERATE,
DASCOMBE

YOU'RE BITTER,
ALMOND!

'BITTER
ALMOND! OH
DEAR ME! HA
HA HA HA HA HA!'



PLEASE YOUR-
SELF.

ALRIGHT,
LEWIS. FROM
THE TOP.

"BITTER
ALMOND" OH
DEAR ME HA
HA HA HA HA!



THE SHADOW GALLERY

LOOK, I DON'T WANT
TO SOUND UNGRATEFUL, I
MEAN, AFTER YOU RESCUED ME?
BUT I DON'T UNDERSTAND ANY
OF THIS WHO YOU ARE, OR
WHAT YOU WANT OR
ANYTHING.

I MEAN, I KNOW
YOU MUST HAVE HAD A
REASON FOR BRINGING
ME WHEN YOU BROUGHT ME HERE,
BUT COULDN'T YOU JUST TELL ME
WHERE WE ARE? ARE WE STILL
IN LONDON?



WE ARE IN THE
SHADOW GALLERY
THIS IS MY HOME.

DO YOU
LIKE IT? I
BUILT IT MY-
SELF, YOU KNOW.



IT'S UN-
BELIEVABLE! ALL OF
THESE PAINTINGS
AND BOOKS... I DIDN'T
EVEN KNOW THERE
WERE THINGS
LIKE THIS.

YOU
COULDN'T BE
EXPECTED TO KNOW
THEY HAVE DEDICATED
CULTURE... TOSSED IT AWAY
LIKE A PILEFUL OF
DEAD ROSES...



ALL THE BOOKS,
ALL THE FILMS,
ALL THE MUSIC.



THE MUSIC IS
BEAUTIFUL! YOU
MUST THINK I'M REALLY
STUPID... ALL I'VE EVER
HEARD IS THE MILITARY
STUFF THEY PLAY ON
THE RADIO.

BUT ALL THIS
STUFF ON YOUR DUKE
BOX SOUNDS SO
DUNNO... ALIEN? WHAT'S
THIS PLAYING NOW? THE
WOMAN'S VOICE DOESN'T
EVEN SOUND ENGLISH.



IT'S NOT
AND THE WORD
IS "DUKE-BOX"
WITH A "J".



THE SONG IS CALLED "DANCING IN THE
STREETS" IT'S BEING SUNG BY
MARTHA AND THE HANDELL AS,
PERHAPS THE TERM "MOTOWN"
IS FAMILIAR TO YOU!

OBVIOUSLY
NOT HARDLY
SURPRISING, I
SUPPOSE AFTER
ALL...

THEY ERADICATED SOME CULTURES MORE THOROUGHLY THAN THEY DID OTHERS.

NO TAMLA AND NO TROTTIN. NO BILLIE HOLIDAY OR BLACK UNHURU...

WE'LL HAVE TO SEE WHAT WE CAN DO ABOUT THAT...

JUST HIS MASTER'S VOICE EVERY HOUR ON THE HOUR.

SORRY THIS COMPARTMENT IS FULL.

FULL?? DON'T BE RIDICULOUS, MAN! IT'S EMPTY APART FROM YOU THREE! THERE'S PLENTY OF...

I SAID IT'S FULL, CRAPHEAD

OH MY GOD I'M SORRY. I DIDN'T REALISE

FULL YES OF COURSE FULL

WE'LL BLOCKED TED! DON'T HAVE THE CARRIAGE FULL OF CIVILIANS! CIVILIANS DON'T APPRECIATE TRAINS! TAKES A MILITARY MAN TO APPRECIATE TRAINS...

LIKE DOLLS YOUR AVERAGE CITIZEN DOES NOT GIVE A MONKEY'S ABOUT DOLLS. NO APPRE CAUTION, YOU SEE? DID I TELL YOU I COLLECTED DOLLS, GEORGE?

ER. YES MR PROTHEIRO. I THINK YOU MAY HAVE MENTIONED IT ONCE OR TWICE VERY INTERESTING

INTERESTING! THAT'S EXACTLY RIGHT! MIND YOU, YOU'RE A MILITARY MAN ASK YOUR AVERAGE CITIZEN, HE'D SAY DOLLS WERE FOR POODAINS. IGNORANT YOU SEE

MYSELF, I'VE ALWAYS BEEN A LADIES' MAN. TALES I COULD TELL YOU ABOUT WHEN I WAS IN ADELA. I REMEMBER ONCE, PORKY APPLEBY AND MYSELF MET THESE TWO NATIVE GELS...



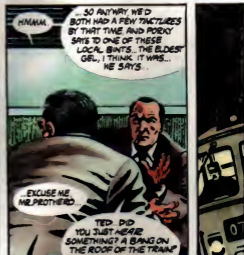
JESUS
CHRIST! WHAT
THE HELL'S THAT??



WHAT
WAS
THAT??

JUST BEFORE
WE WENT INTO THE
TUNNEL I THOUGHT I
SAW SOMETHING UP ON
THE BRIDGE

I DUNNO,
IT COULD HAVE BEEN
BAGS CAUGHT ON A
FENCE OR SOME-
THING, I SUPPOSE.



HNMM.

...SO ANYWAY WE'D
BOTH HAD A FEW THUNDER
BOLTS BY THAT TIME AND POKY
SAYS TO ONE OF THESE
LOCAL BUNTS...THE ELDEST
GEL, I THINK. IT WAS...
HE SAYS.

EXCUSE ME,
MR. PROTHERO...

TED DID
YOU JUST HEAR
SOMETHING? A BANG ON
THE ROOF OF THE TRAIN?



I SAY
WE'RE
STOPPING!
IS EVERY-
THING ALL
RIGHT? D'YOU
THINK?

I DON'T.
AY!! WHAT'S
HAPPENED TO
THE LIGHTS?



OH
BLOODY HELL!

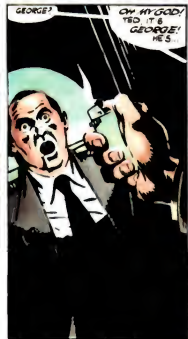




AND SO THE ELDEST GEL SAYS "WITH A ~~STONKLET???~~ SHOULD BLOODY COOON!!" HA HA HA HA! GOOD ONE, EH?

HAHA. THEY DO SEEM TO BE TAKING THEIR TIME, DON'T THEY? PERHAPS YOU SHOULD GO AND HAVE A WORD WITH THE DRIVER, GEORGE.

GEORGE?







...SO LET'S JUST HEAR IT ONCE MORE IN YOUR OWN WORDS. THE TRAIN ENTERED THE TUNNEL. AND THEN WHAT?



W-WELL, I MEAN, IT'S DIFFICULT TO SAY. IT ALL HAPPENED SO QUICK, DIDN'T IT?

I DIDN'T ACTUALLY HEAR ANYTHING... JUST SORT OF CAUGHT SOMETHING MOVING OUT THE CORNER OF ME EYE. AND BY THEN IT WAS ALL OVER WANNIT?

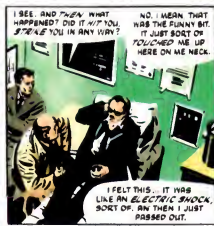


COULD YOU GIVE US A DESCRIPTION OF YOUR ATTACKER? HEIGHT, DRESS, ANYTHING LIKE THAT?

WELL IT WAS JUST SORT OF BLACK. KNOW WHAT I MEAN? JUST THIS BIG BLACK SHAPED COMIN' AT ME FROM THE SIDE-WINDOW OF THE CAB...



AND IT HAD A FACE, ONLY NOT A PROPER FACE SEE? AN IT WAS SMILING.



I SEE. AND THEN WHAT HAPPENED? DID IT HIT YOU, STRIKE YOU IN ANY WAY?

NO, I MEAN THAT WAS THE FUNNY BIT. IT JUST SORT OF TOUCHED ME UP HERE ON ME NECK.

I FELT THIS... IT WAS LIKE AN ELECTRIC SHOCK, SORT OF. AN THEN I JUST PASSED OUT.



AND CAME TO AN HOUR LATER, WHEN THE SECURITY FORCE ARRIVED ON THE SCENE. I SEE

WELL I THINK THAT'S ABOUT IT. MR BISHOP, THE OFFICER WILL TAKE YOUR ADDRESS IN CASE WE NEED TO CONTACT YOU. THANK YOU FOR YOUR TROUBLE



WELL MR.FINCH, WHAT DO YOU THINK? IS IT THE SAME BLOKE WHO DID THE PARLIAMENT BOMBING OR WHAT?

I HOPE SO, DOMINIC. BECAUSE IF IT'S NOT, THEN THERE MUST BE TWO OF EM...

AND THAT'S A POSSIBILITY I'D RATHER NOT CONSIDER WITHOUT A STIFF DRINK TO HAND.

ME NEITHER. MR. FINCH, WHAT EXACTLY ARE WE UP AGAINST HERE? WHO IS THIS CHARACTER?

I MEAN ALL THIS BUSINESS ABOUT BOARDING MOVING TRAINS IS LIKE SOMETHING OUT OF THE PICTURES. NORMAL PEOPLE CAN'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT.

YOU'RE RIGHT, DOMINIC. HE KNOCKED OUT A THIRTEEN STONE TRAIN DRIVER BY TOUCHING HIM LIGHTLY ON THE NECK. NORMAL PEOPLE CAN'T DO THINGS LIKE THAT.

... IN FACT, I DON'T THINK IT'S GOING TOO FAR TO SAY THAT ~~ANY~~ NORMAL PEOPLE HAVE NEVER EVEN CONSIDERED BLOWING UP THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

SO WHAT WERE WE UP AGAINST IS SOMEONE WHO ~~ISN'T~~ NORMAL PEOPLE... EITHER PHYSICALLY OR MENTALLY. IT'S THE "MENTALLY" BIT THAT BOTHERS ME.

BECAUSE IF I'M GOING TO CHECK THIS CASE... AND I AM... I'M GOING TO HAVE TO GET RIGHT INSIDE HIS HEAD TO THINK THE WAY HE THINKS. AND THAT SCARES ME.

AHH, HERE WE ARE.

ANYTHING BEEN TOUCHED IN HERE?

NO, SIR. EVERYTHING AS WE FOUND IT WHEN WE GOT THE TRAIN OUT OF THE TUNNEL.

Chapter Three

VICTIMS

HMM... I'LL NEED SOME PHOTOGRAPHS OF THIS CHEST WOUND. IT WASN'T A KNIFE OR BULLET THAT DID THIS...

IN FACT, I'VE GOT A NASTY SUSPICION THAT WHOEVER DID THAT DID IT WITH THEIR FINGERS.

WHAT DO YOU MAKE OF THIS, MR. FINCH?

DAMNED IF I KNOW. GET A PHOTOGRAPH OF IT, AND LET ME HAVE SOME PAINT SCRAPPINGS FOR ANALYSIS...

PERHAPS THE FORENSIC PEOPLE BACK AT THE MOSE WILL BE ABLE TO TELL US SOMETHING. ALTHOUGH FRANKLY I DOUBT IT.

...OTHER THAN THAT, JUST THE USUAL STUFF. DUST THE CARRIAGE FOR ~~DIRT~~ GET A PATH REPORT ON THE BODIES.

DATE WILL WANT A COPY. REMEMBER...



HELLO. WHAT'S THIS?



A ROSE A VIOLET JARSON? ROSE, FUNNY... I THOUGHT THEY'D BEEN EXTINCT SINCE THE WAR.

OUR FRIEND IN THE MASH HAS GOT QUITE A THING ABOUT THE LETTER 'V' - WOULDN'T YOU SAY?



AND UNLESS WE FIND A BODY IN THE NEXT COUPLE OF HOURS IT LOOKS LIKE HE'S GOT LEVIN'S PRO-THEORAS WELL.

BLOWING UP THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT KIDNAPPING OUR TOP BOARD-CASTER.

DO YOU THINK HE'S TRYING TO TELL US SOMETHING?



I DON'T KNOW, SUE. JESUS CHRIST, WHAT HE'D DONE TO THOSE MEN...

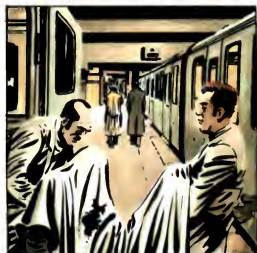


I'VE SEEN WORSE. DOMINIC, PHYSICALLY SPEAKING. LIKE I SAY IT'S THE MENTAL SIDE THAT BOTHERS ME... HIS ATTITUDE TO KILLING.

THINK ABOUT IT. HE KILLED THEM RUTHLESSLY EFFICIENTLY AND WITH A MINIMUM OF PUSS. WHATEVER THEIR FAULTS THOSE WERE TWO HUMAN BEINGS.




AND HE SLAUGHTERED THEM LIKE CATTLE!



THE SHADOW GALLERY.







LAST NIGHT... THOSE MEN.
THEY WERE GOING TO... THEY
SAID THEY'D KILL ME AND
YOU RESCUED ME.

YOU RESCUED ME AND
BROUGHT ME TO THIS FAN-
TASTIC PLACE, AND IT'S SO
BEAUTIFUL, AND IT MAKES
ME FEEL SO SAFE AND... AND



...AND I DON'T
EVEN KNOW WHAT
YOUR NAME IS.


I DON'T HAVE
A NAME, YOU
CAN CALL ME
"V."

WHAT SHALL I
CALL YOU?




MY NAME IS
EVEY. EVEY
HAMMOND.

I'M NOBODY.
NOBODY SPECIAL.
NOT LIKE YOU.




EVERYBODY IS SPECIAL.
EVERYBODY. EVERYBODY IS A
HERO, A LOVER, A FOOL, A
VILLAIN. EVERYBODY.

EVERYBODY HAS THEIR
STORY TO TELL. EVEN
EVEY HAMMOND. I SHOULD
VERY MUCH LIKE TO HEAR
EVEY HAMMOND'S STORY.




B-BUT THERE'S NOTHING
TO TELL. I'M ONLY SIX-
TEEN. I HAVEN'T DONE
ANYTHING.

SIXTEEN. THEN
YOU WERE BORN
IN 1981?



Y-YES. IN SEPTEMBER, WE
USED TO LIVE ON SHOOTER'S
HILL IN SOUTH LONDON. IT WAS
NICE THERE. I-I'VE GOT A PHOTO-
GRAPH IF YOU WANT TO SEE...



JUST ME AND MUM AND DAD.
I DIDN'T HAVE ANY BROTHERS
OR SISTERS... DAD SAID HE
COULDN'T AFFORD ANY MORE
KIDS...

THIS WAS DURING
THE RECESSION
OF THE EIGHTIES?



"YEAH... I DON'T REMEMBER MUCH ABOUT THAT... I KNOW DAD SAID THINGS DIDN'T GET MUCH BETTER WHEN LABOUR GOT INTO POWER..."

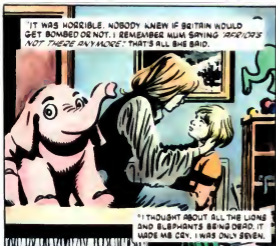
HE SAID THAT THE ONLY ELECTION PROMISE THAT THEY KEPT WAS GETTING RID OF THE AMERICAN MISSILES THAT WERE STATIONED OVER HERE.



AND THE WAR, SUEY, DO YOU REMEMBER THE WAR?

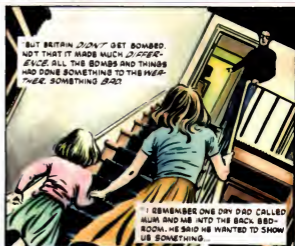


"OF COURSE I DO. I WAS ONLY SEVEN BUT I REMEMBER WHEN THE NEWS CAME OVER THE RADIO. DAD KEPT TELLING MUM NOT TO WORRY. HE WAS SCARED TO DEATH... IT WAS ABOUT POLAND AND THE RUSSIANS. WASN'T IT? AND PRESIDENT KENNEDY SAID HE'D USE THE BOMBS IF THEY DIDN'T GET OUT. THAT'S WHAT DAD TOLD ME.



"IT WAS HORRIBLE. NOBODY KNEW IF BRITAIN WOULD GET BOMBED OR NOT. I REMEMBER MUM SAYING 'BRITAIN'S NOT THERE ANYMORE'. THAT'S ALL SHE SAID.

"I THOUGHT ABOUT ALL THE LIONS AND ELEPHANTS BEING DEAD. IT MADE ME CRY. I WAS ONLY SEVEN.



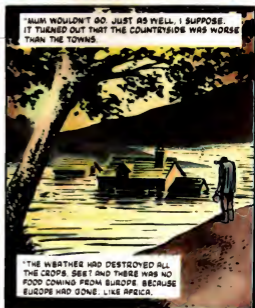
"BUT BRITAIN DIDN'T GET BOMBED. NOT THAT IT MADE MUCH DIFFERENCE. ALL THE BOMBS AND THINGS HAD DONE SOMETHING TO THE WEATHER. SOMETHING BAD?

"I REMEMBER ONE DAY DAD CALLED MUM AND ME INTO THE BACK BEDROOM. HE SAID HE WANTED TO SHOW US SOMETHING.



"WE COULD SEE RIGHT ACROSS LONDON FROM THE BEDROOM WINDOW. IT WAS NEARLY ALL UNDER WATER. THE THAMES BARRIER HAD BURST.

"THE SKY WAS ALL YELLOW AND BLACK. I'VE NEVER SEEN A SKY LIKE IT. DAD SAID LONDON WAS FINISHED. HE WANTED TO TAKE MUM AND ME TO THE COUNTRY.



"MUM WOULDN'T GO. JUST AS WELL, I SUPPOSE. IT TURNED OUT THAT THE COUNTRYSIDE WAS WORSE THAN THE TOWNS.

"THE WEATHER HAD DESTROYED ALL THE CROPS. SEET AND THERE WAS NO FOOD COMING FROM EUROPE BECAUSE EUROPE HAD GONE. LIKE AFRICA.

"I DIDN'T LIKE TO THINK ABOUT THE NEXT FOUR YEARS. WE'D GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME NEIGHBOURS IN A PROTECTION COMMITTEE. IT DIDN'T HELP MUCH...

"THERE WAS NO FOOD, AND THE SEWERS WERE FLOODED AND EVERYBODY GOT SICK. MUM DIED IN 1991. DAD WOULDN'T LET ME SEE HER.

"THERE WERE RIOTS, AND PEOPLE WITH *BLAK*. NOBODY KNEW WHAT WAS GOING ON. EVERYONE WAS WAITING FOR THE GOVERNMENT TO DO SOMETHING...

"BUT THERE WEREN'T ANY GOVERNMENT ANYMORE. JUST LOTS OF LITTLE GANGS ALL TRYING TO TAKE OVER. AND THEN IN 1992, SOMEBODY FINALLY DID..."

"IT WAS ALL THE FASCIST GROUPS, THE RIGHT-WINGERS. THEY'D ALL GOT TOGETHER WITH SOME OF THE BIG CORPORATIONS THAT HAD SURVIVED. *NOBODIARE* THEY CALLED THEMSELVES.

"I REMEMBER WHEN THEY MARCHED INTO LONDON. THEY HAD A FLAG WITH THEIR SYMBOL ON. EVERYONE WAS CHEERING. I THOUGHT THEY WERE SCARY.

"THEY SOON GOT THINGS UNDER CONTROL. BUT THEN THEY STARTED TAKING PEOPLE AWAY... ALL THE *BLACK* PEOPLE AND THE *PAKISTANIS*...

"WHITE PEOPLE, TOO. ALL THE *RADICALS* AND THE MEN WHO, YOU KNOW, LIKED OTHER MEN. THE *HOMOSEXUALS*. I DON'T KNOW WHAT THEY DID WITH THEM ALL.

"DAD HAD BEEN IN A SOCIALIST GROUP WHEN HE WAS YOUNGER. THEY CAME FOR HIM ONE SEPTEMBER MORNING IN 1993...

"IT WAS MY BIRTHDAY. I WAS TWELVE. I NEVER SAW HIM AGAIN.

"THEY MADE ME GO AND WORK IN A FACTORY WITH A LOT OF OTHER KIDS. WE WERE PUTTING MATCHES INTO BONES.

"I LIVED IN A HOSTEL. IT WAS COLD AND DIRTY AND I JUST USED TO CRY ALL THE TIME. I WANTED MY DAD."

"...THAT'S HOW IT WAS FOR FOUR YEARS... NOT ENOUGH FOOD, NOT ENOUGH MONEY. SOME OF THE OLDER GIRLS MADE MONEY GOING WITH MEN.

THAT'S WHAT I WAS GOING TO DO. LAST NIGHT. BUT THEY WERE FINGERMEN. THEY WERE GOING... THEY WERE G-GOING TO...

THEY WERE GOING TO RUM... RUM... RUM...

HUSH, CHILD, HUSH. IT'S OVER NOW. YOU'RE SAFE. THE PAST CAN'T HURT YOU ANYMORE. NOT UNLESS YOU LET IT.

THEY MADE YOU INTO A VICTIM, EVEY. THEY MADE YOU INTO A STATISTIC. BUT THAT'S NOT THE REAL YOU. THAT'S NOT WHO YOU ARE INSIDE.

JUST TRUST ME, EVEY, AND WE CAN WIP IT ALL AWAY. ALL THE PAIN, ALL THE CRUELTY. ALL THE BE-REQUEMENT. WE CAN START AGAIN.

THERE YOU SEE!

ALL BONE

... AND EVEY HAMMOND SOBS LIKE THE CHILD SHE IS. SOBS BECAUSE AT LONG LAST, HER NIGHTMARE IS OVER...

NOW LEWIS PROTHERO ON THE OTHER HAND...

3 MINUTE WHERE AM I? WHAT HAPPENED?

...AND WHAT AM I DOING WEARING THIS UNIFORM?

HIS NIGHTMARE IS ONLY JUST BEGINNING!

OH MY GOD.

LARKHILL
RESSETLEMENT
CAMP



NOVEMBER THE SEVENTH 1947
THE LEADER AND MR FINCH

I THINK HE'S
A PSYCHOPATH,
LEADER

I USE
THE WORD IN
ITS MOST PRECISE
SENSE

I SEE THEN WE CAN
ASSUME THAT "CODE-
NAME 'Y'" WILL BE
HAVE LIKE A CONVENTI-
ONAL TERRORIST

DON'T
THINK HE'S OUT
FOR CONCESSIONS
LEADER

I THINK HE'S
OUT FOR
BLOOD

WE CAN'T
ASSUME THAT HE WILL
EVENTUALLY ISSUE A SET
OF DEMANDS OR ASK
FOR THE USUAL
CONCESSIONS

THEN
HE'S CERTAINLY
GETTING IT, ISN'T HE, MR
FINCH? HE'S BLOWN UP THE
MOUSES OF PARLIAMENT,
DISPATCHED FIVE OF MR.
ALMOND'S FINGER-
MEN.

...AND
NOW HE'S ABDUCT-
ED OUR TOP BROADCASTER
IF PROTHERO IS UNABLE
TO MAKE HIS 'VOICE OF FATE'
BROADCASTS AS SCHEDULED,
OUR CRED-
IBILITY WILL SUFFER.

"TWO
DAYS, MR FINCH
THAT'S ALL ITS
TAKEN HIM.

COULDN'T MR DASCOMBE
ARRANGE A STAND-IN
FOR PROTHERO, LEADER?

OH YES,
BUT THE PROBLEM
IS TOO GOOD AT HIS WORK.
THE PEOPLE ACTUALLY BE-
LIEVE THAT THE VOICE OF
LEWIS PROTHERO IS
THAT OF THE FATE
COMPUTER.

BRITAIN'S
BELIEF IN THE IN-
TEGRITY OF FATE IS THE
CORNERSTONE OF OUR
NEW ORDER. ANY CHANGE
IN THE VOICE AND IT JUST
WON'T BE THE SAME.

I SEE, FROM A PROPAGANDA
ANGLE WE'VE
BEEN PUT IN A BIT OF
A SPOT. HAVEN'T
WE?

ALTHOUGH
PERSONALLY DON'T
GO MUCH FOR THIS 'NEW
ORDER' BUSINESS IT'S JUST
MY JOB, TO HELP BRITAIN
OUT OF THIS MESS. YOU
ALREADY KNOW THAT,
LEADER

INDEED I DO MR.
FINCH, YOU HAVE EX-
PRESSED SUCH SENTIMENTS
BEFORE, THAT YOU ARE STILL
AUYE IS A MARK OF MY
RESPECT FOR YOU
AND YOUR CRAFT.

ENGLAND
PREVAILS,
LEADER.

LEAVE
ME NOW, THERE
ARE MANY PROBLEMS
TO CONSIDER. I WISH TO
SPEAK WITH
FATE.

ENGLAND
PREVAILS,
MR FINCH.

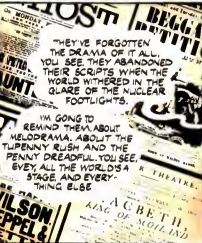
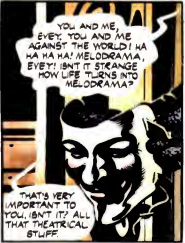
THE SHADOW GALLERY
EVEY HAMMOND.



OH... UM... NOTHING. I WAS JUST TRYING TO GET LISED TO SAYING IT OUT LOUD. Y. IT'S A FUNNY THING TO CALL YOURSELF.



YOU'RE A KIND PERSON. LISTENING TO ME TELLING YOU MY SOB STORY, ALL ABOUT THE WAR, AND MUM AND DAD. ALL ABOUT MY STUPID LIFE.







AND THERE THEY WERE



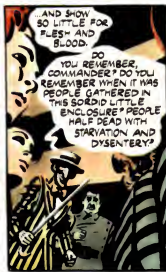
MY DOLLS. THAT'S PART OF MY DOLL COLLECTION. HOW DID YOU THEY WERE ALL SAFELY LOCKED AWAY WHEN I LEFT FOR WORK YESTERDAY...

WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH MY DOLLS?



MY GOD, IF YOU'VE DAMAGED ANY OF THEM...THEY'RE PRICELESS! HARDLY ANY OF THE BIG COLLECTIONS SURVIVED THE WAR. IF YOU'VE DAMAGED THEM.

ADMIRABLE CONCERN, COMMANDER. YET IT'S DELUCED ODD, ISN'T IT? HOW YOU CAN SHOW SO MUCH CONCERN FOR PORCELAIN AND PLASTIC...



...AND SHOW SO LITTLE FOR FLESH AND BLOOD.

DO YOU REMEMBER, COMMANDER? DO YOU REMEMBER WHEN IT WAS PEOPLE GATHERED IN THIS SORDID LITTLE ENCLOSURE? PEOPLE HALF DEAD WITH STARVATION AND DYSENTERY?



LOOK, YOU KNOW AS WELL AS I DO. WE HAD TO DO WHAT WE DID. ALL THE DARKIES, THE NANCY BOYS AND THE BEATNIKS. IT WAS US OR THEM.

US OR THEM. DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?



PERFECTLY

COME ALONG, COMMANDER. YOUR TOUR ISN'T OVER YET. THERE ARE STILL THE SPECIAL PRISONERS TO SEE. THE ONES IN THE MEDICAL COMPOUND



JUST ALONG HERE THIS IS WHERE YOU KEPT THE ONES WHO'D TAKEN PART IN YOUR SCIENTISTS' EXPERIMENTS. I BELIEVE THEY USED TO CALL THEM

YOU HAD TO WALK PAST THIS ROW OF DOORS EVERY NIGHT. ROOM ONE, ROOM TWO, ROOM THREE...

...ROOM FOUR...

ROOM FIVE

V



ROOM FIVE? BUT THAT WAS WHERE THEY KEPT... WHERE THEY KEPT

OH, NO THAT WAS YOU, WASN'T IT? YOU'RE... YOU'RE THE MAN...

YOU'RE THE MAN FROM ROOM FIVE



THAT'S RIGHT.



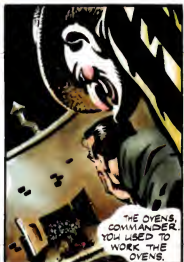
REMEMBER YOU USED TO CALL OUT TO US SOMETIMES, LITTLE JOKES. YOU HAD A SPECIAL NAME FOR THE MEDICAL BLOCK. YOU USED TO CALL IT THE FUNNY FARM.

REMEMBER WHAT A GOOD VOICE YOU HAD... I MIMIC THAT'S WHY THEY PICKED YOU TO DO THE FATE BROADCASTS.



A MAN OF MANY TALENTS, EH, COMMANDER?

AND THEN OF COURSE THERE WAS THAT OTHER LITTLE JOB YOU USED TO DO.



THE OYENS, COMMANDER. YOU USED TO WORK THE OYENS.



OH NO, MY DOLLS, PLEASE... YOU CAN'T...

PLEASE, I'M BEGGING YOU, PLEASE.

MA-MA
MA-MA
MA-MA



NOT MY DOLLS!



MA-MA
MA-MA
MA-MA

